

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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CONTENTS OF NO. 6.

RECONCILED	61
THE MAKING OF IMMORTAL LIFE	61
THE STILL HOUR	62
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	63
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL	64
AFTER THE BATTLE	66
NATURAL HISTORY:—	
DUCKS IN CONNECTICUT	67
JOAN OF ARC	69
AMUSEMENT COLUMN	71
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	72
IMPORTANT NOTICES	72

RECONCILED.

O years gone down into the past,
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours of almost ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie;
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
My youth itself went with them, too,
To-day, aye! even this very hour,
Is the best hour I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
More blessings than in days gone by,
Dropping in my uplifted hands
All things for which I blindly cry,

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim;
And, where I cannot understand,
I trust the issues unto Him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learned to say,—
Prayers which I thought unanswered once
Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some hopes I cherished once,
Perished untimely in their birth,
Yet have I been beloved and blest
Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief
For moments I have come to stand
Where, in the sorrows on me laid,
I felt the chastening of God's hand:—

Then learned I that the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms,
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the shepherd's arms.

And, sitting by the wayside, blind,
He is the nearest to the light
Who crieth out most earnestly,
"Lord, that I might receive my sight!"

O feet grown weary as ye walk,
When down life's hill my pathway lies,
What care I, while my soul can mount
As the young eagle mounts the skies?

O eyes with weeping faded out,
What matters it how dim ye be?
My inner vision sweeps untired
The reaches of eternity!

O death, most dreaded power of all,
When the last moment comes, and thou
Darkenest the windows of my soul,
Through which I look on Nature now;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed?
My house eternal in the heavens
Is lighted by the smile of God!

—*Phæbe Cary.*

THE MAKING OF IMMORTAL LIFE.

The young man who asked Jesus the question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" put it in a way we should oftener follow. Not what argument will convince me, not what proof will satisfy me, not what faith shall I accept, not what occult mystery shall I credit, not what psychical research shall I follow, but what shall I do, was his question. Is there anything we can do to gain the great assurance? The answer of Jesus has a significance not enough appreciated. It connected the duties and virtues of the moral life with an endless course of

service. Not only the things that could be done from one's youth up, but the things that open out an indeterminate and infinite excellence, the things that permit no contentedness, were what conducted men into the life eternal. Action is more than action: it is the culture of the soul. The loveliness of a good life is not only in the sweetness of human relations it perfects, but in the nature thus nurtured within. The fruits of the spirit are manifest, and he that soweth unto the spirit shall of the spirit reap eternal life. This has the absoluteness of a law. And we can see enough of its working to have substantial grounds for believing that it obtains beyond our sight. The practice of immortality is within our reach, and in such practice there is the making of the soul.

We see the process still more directly when we enter the life imagination brings. It is a life not monopolized by the poet or painter or dreamer. It is a life capable of being practised in some way by every one. The real enjoyment of music is a work of the imagination. Keeping a habit of reading poetry is as good for adults as for children, and filling the memory with the flowers of thought and feeling makes a garden of the life that otherwise would be only a workshop. To preserve susceptibility to beauty is another form of sharing the imperishableness of the imagination. Keeping the channels open and deepening the waterways of the spirit, and specially looking to the sources and keeping them clear, is the connecting of life with the clouds whence come the refreshing rains. And in the affections is the highest and surest discipline of the life eternal. Here is the revealing of personality, the topmost product of creation; and in personality is an endless realm. The glory of Solomon was not, indeed, equal to the lily's raiment, but Solomon himself without his glory was more than all the lilies of all the fields. Love sees the depths of human nature, and sees that there is no sounding them. Men may not desire personal continuance, but faith rests far more on the duty of immortality than on the wish for it; and personality may grow into something vaster than these natures that are so insufficient attain unto. The great cloud of witnesses testify that the things of character do not perish with the body. The goodness of the departed persuades us that all will be well with those who diligently keep up the practice of the immortal life. Doubt will bring no fear, nor will sowing fail of reaping, to him who can say, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—*John W. Day.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE OPEN SOUL.

Lie open, soul! around thee press
A thousand things divine;
All glory and all holiness
Are waiting to be thine.

Lie open, soul! be swift to catch
Each glory ere it flies;
The hours are charged, to those who watch,
With heavenly messages.

Lie open, soul! the great and wise
About thy portal throng;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, soul! in watchfulness
Each brighter glory win;
The Infinite thy peace shall bless,
And God shall enter in.

—*Herbert New.*

O thou Spirit whom no name can measure
and no thought contain; thou to whom years
are as nothing, and who art from everlasting
to everlasting! I thank thee that my life
still lasts from year to year. I thank thee
that my cup is full of blessings. But I
would bless thee still if thou didst fill my
cup with grief and turn my day into night.
Yea, O God, my Father! I will bless thee
for whatever thou shalt send. I know it
is all very good. I bless thee that thou art
still very nigh me; that thou speakest to my
heart from year to year. Thou kindest
my faith, thou quickenest my love, thou
castest down my fear. O my God! be not
afar off; may I never become false to thy
gift! Let my eyes be open, my heart true
and warm, my faith pure and heavenly.
May religion dwell in the inmost sanctuary
of my heart; let it be my daily life! and, where-
ever the years may find me, may I do my duty
without fear, and so live on, lying low in
thy hands, and blessed by thy goodness.—
Theodore Parker.

For me,—fall my fortune as it may,
A comfort and a strength it is to know
That, wheresoe'er I go,
There is the same heaven over me on high,
Whereon in faith to fix the steady eye;
The same access for prayer;
The same God, always present everywhere;
And if no home, yet everywhere the bed
Which earth makes ready for the weary
head.

—*Southey.*

There yet remains for the souls which God has made and purified both work to do for him and joy in him and in one another. There must be the service of his creatures, the learning of his truth, the reconciliation with every foe, the reunion of immortal affection, and the everlasting approach, nearer and nearer, through the infinite ages, to perfect goodness, and to Him who is supremely good. But these things lie afar off, where eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, the things which God hath prepared for those who love him, ay, and for those also who now love him not.—F. P. Cobbe.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Cambridge Cheerful Letter Committee offers the following: apply to Miss Helen L. Bayley, 319 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass. "Castle Dangerous," Scott; "Max," Thurston; "The Junior Republic," George; "The Squaw Man," Royle; "The Hound of the Baskervilles," Doyle; "How Plants Grow," Gray; "A Certain Rich Man," White; "Franklin Fifth Reader"; "Along Four-footed Trails," Cook; "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin; "The Story of the Odyssey," Church; "Poems," Jean Ingelow; "The Taming of the Shrew," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," Shakespeare; "The Shadow of the Rock" (religious poem); "Twice Told Tales," "Tanglewood Tales," Hawthorne.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I wish to thank every one who has so kindly remembered me this summer, as it has seemed long to me. I have not been able to enjoy any of it on account of not being able to get out. I have appreciated reading, as it helps to pass away many lonely hours, and I truly hope to be remembered in the future. Thanks to every one who sent me the *Cheerful Letter*. Something to cheer me, please.

Mrs. Sallie M. Ogle, R. F. D. No. 1, Foster Falls, Virginia.

2. The *Woman's Home Companion* is asked for by Mrs. Edward A. Clark, Levant, Maine; Mrs. Alice Whittle, Blackville, South Carolina; Estelle Sutterfield, Box 224, High Point, North Carolina.

3. For a long time I have not heard from any one but Mrs. C. S. Richardson who sends me the *Munsey* and *McClure* magazines; and I have lost her address, and cannot thank her except through the *Cheerful Letter*. I have the *Ladies' Home Journal* from January, 1910, to present date. Any one paying express or freight on them are welcome to them. I should be glad to exchange the *Delineator* for the *Woman's Home Companion*. Lillie N. Scogins, Arlington, Tennessee.

4. I am sending you a new name, Mrs. Annie Shepperd, O'Donnell, Texas. She is a Christian lady, and I cheerfully recommend her to my *Cheerful Letter* friends. She desires some correspondents, and would be glad to receive some reading matter. My crippled son, aged sixteen years, wants to know if you will accept him as a member of the *Cheerful Letter* Club. His name is Walker Adkisson. He goes on crutches, and has for thirteen years. Mrs. Alice Adkisson, O'Donnell, Texas.

5. Mrs. Fannie Hastings, O'Donnell, Texas, will be glad of reading and letters.

6. I am particularly anxious for *The Ladies' Home Journal* for this year and in the future; also books and story papers and Bible stories suitable for the children. I shall be very glad of the *Cheerful Letter* again. Thanking you all for past favors and hoping to hear from you soon, I am yours sincerely, Mrs. Thomas H. Drummond, Route 1, Box 28, Sandidges, Virginia.

7. Mrs. Mattie Francis, Van Alstyne, Texas, asks that reading be sent her to help pass the long evenings that would otherwise be very lonely. She would like *World's Work* for 1912 and *Woman's Home Companion* for 1912; also anything of Harold Bell Wright.

8. Tom Robertson, Elamsville, Virginia, an invalid, would like any reading.

9. I should be pleased with the *Delineator*, *Cheerful Letter*, and any other good reading. I should be much pleased with letters. I

refer you to Rev. W. A. Elgin, Elamsville, Virginia, and Mrs. J. M. Roberson, Woolwine, Patrick County, Virginia.

10. I should like magazines or books. I have five children, the oldest ten years, the youngest two months. Should like recitation book for children. I send for reference: Rev. John Day, Chandler, Oklahoma, R. F. D. No. 4; also Rev. William Morrow, Stroud, Oklahoma, R. F. D. No. 4. Mrs. Maude De Moss, Stroud, Oklahoma.

11. *Lippincott* or *Munsey*, 1913, is asked for by Mrs. Mary E. Decker, 837 Billings Street, Springfield, Missouri.

12. Mrs. Ada V. Wann, Waxahachie, Texas, Route 4, asks for magazines and books for children. She will use them in her vicinity.

13. I come asking help for my primary work. I have the first, second, and third grades. Should be so glad of anything to help in phonics: little story books, pictures of any kind, no matter how simple. I give these as little prizes for regular attendance, etc. I shall greatly appreciate anything that you can let me have. Mrs. Thomas H. Bridges, Lewiston, Bertie County, North Carolina.

14. The *Woman's Home Companion* is asked for by Mrs. Jessie Rossmiller, New York Mills, Minnesota, Route 3; Mrs. W. C. Burton, Mont Park, Oklahoma, R. F. D. No. 64; Mattie Frizzell, Frankton, Texas; Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan.

15. The *Youth's Companion* is asked for by Mrs. Lizzie Town, Buffalo, Kansas, R. F. D. No. 2; Miss E. M. Kimball, East Hebron, New Hampshire; Mrs. Alice Whittle, Blackville, South Carolina.

16. The *Christian Register* is asked for by Mrs. C. B. Merriek, Methuen, Mass., R. F. D., and Mrs. Alice Whittle, Blackville, South Carolina.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, who offered several periodicals in the September number of the *Cheerful Letter*, has naturally received a number of requests for the more popular magazines. These are the *Woman's Home Companion* and the *Youth's Companion*. In order that correspondents may not be disappointed, she is sending both these magazines to all who have asked for them, and will con-

tinue to do so until other members of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* undertake to send them. One each of these magazines she will send regularly. The *Four-footed Friends* she will send to four persons who have asked for it, subscribing for each person.

At the last *Cheerful Letter* meeting two members undertook to send the *Youth's Companion* to correspondents, so that these two will no longer receive it from Miss Clarke, but from other friends.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Kate Jackson from Lawton, Oklahoma, to Wichita Falls, Texas.

Mrs. Joanna Crook is now New London, North Carolina.

Mrs. L. A. Amos is now Cascade, Virginia.

Mrs. F. E. Cleaves is now Twin Bridges, Montana.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

BE GRATEFUL.

While I live, I will praise the Lord;
I will sing praises unto my God while I have
any being.

—*Psalm cxlvi. 2.*

All the World is full of Things
God's true love and kindness brings;
In the air and on the ground,
In my home and all around
God's great love is living.
O how grateful I should be!
How my Heart should try to see
Here and there and everywhere
All the thoughtfulness and care
God's great love is giving.

—*"Prayers for Little Men and Women,"*
by John Martin.

WHEN CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FOR CHILDREN IS RIGHT.

(Continued from last number.)

I had been told so many times that I ought to experience certain feelings,—the desire to be "good," to make others happy, to feel grateful for my books, playthings, pretty clothes, and for the father and mother who loved me so much,—and also that I ought to feel sorry for having acted foolishly and having hurt myself and others in consequence. These and kindred reflections my stepmother would suggest to me as she tenderly held me on her knee or prepared me for bed after a wretched day. And with tears and sobs and heartache I would wearily answer yes or no to anything she wished. But, in reality, I was no more capable of see-

ing my conduct objectively, or of picturing the abstract qualities of gratitude or remorse, than I was of solving a problem in longitude and time.

My grandmother came to visit us when I was nearing my sixth year. Oh, how earnestly my dear mother appealed to me to be my best self,—to let “grammie” see what a sensible girl I was! I agreed, of course, and for a few days all went well. Then came the night that proved to be a turning-point in my experience.

It was my habit to remain up in the evening until my father came home from the city, but I was always in bed before he and my mother dined. On this evening, shortly before my bedtime, there came a message from him, saying he might not return for dinner, that my mother and grandmother were not to wait for him, and that he would see *me* in the morning. He sent me a good-night. I don't think I was acutely disappointed,—it was merely a childish whim that I wanted to remain up till he came. I announced my intention of doing so, like the irresponsible little tyrant that I was. My mother began to explain, but reasons fell on stony soil. At first, however, I felt only a fragile, kittenish opposition to the regular routine of going to bed, and, if my mother had been firm with me,—downright, absolute,—all would have gone as she wished. But, the longer I fenced, the stronger grew my will. At last it seemed to me that I must have my way at any cost.

My mother, with angelic but to me irritating patience, had succeeded in undressing me. But, as she was about to put the night-gown over my head, I threw myself full length, face downward, on the floor. At the same moment my grandmother entered the room.

“I heard thee talking to her,” said my grandmother, “and thee has talked long enough. If she doesn't get into bed this instant, thee must give her a good slap.”

My mother quickly drew her aside into her own room, and they talked for what seemed to me a very long time. I began to wonder what the next move was going to be. Had they decided to let me lie here till morning, if I liked? The thought did not please me at all.

Then my grandmother re-entered the room where I lay and closed the door behind her. She came up to me with a decided step.

“If I wasn't afraid thee would take cold, I'd shut the doors and leave thee where thee is,” she began. “Come, get up this instant. Thy mother has talked to thee long enough.”

I did not stir.

“Be quick,” she commanded, “or I'll spank thee on thy bare legs!”

“You wouldn't dare!” I flashed out, turning my face a little on my folded arms.

But the next instant I was lying across her knees, and, sure enough, my bare legs were smarting under her firm little palm. It was over in a minute, and I stood sobbing on the rug while grammie buttoned my night-gown and smoothed back my ruffled hair.

She kissed me as I lay on the pillow, and promised that mother would come in directly to say good-night.

My darling mother bent over me, her eyes full of tears.

“So Esther got spanked,” she murmured. “Does it smart?” And she passed her hand tenderly over my hot legs.

“Yes—it smarts—mother,” I sobbed. “But I think—I—like it better—than being talked to.”

I went to sleep without feelings of resentment toward any human being. There was nothing to keep me awake,—no dull, incipient presentment of my own depravity, no unconscious hypocrisy prompting me already to smooth my path by pretending to be something I was not,—the still incomprehensible Sorry, Grateful, and Good. I experienced a strange feeling of well-being which I shall never forget,—as if a throbbing abscess had been lanced, and I had only to lie there, a little sore, but exquisitely comfortable, waiting for the “smart” to cease.

But there was no abnormal longing to have this experience repeated. It was not that I enjoyed the beating in itself, for its own sake. In fact, I continued for the next year or two to entertain a wholesome dread of running into those extremes of naughtiness where my state of mind recalled to me those sharp slaps and the stinging afterglow on my legs. But it was not alone my state of mind that I had to dread. My mother had become convinced that my grandmother's method of giving the naughty child a slap was more normal and more humane than her own.

I know very well that some children do not require corporal punishment, but the great majority do. It is not much they need, to be sure,—just a touch at the right time to save the young things till their own reason matures. Our modern child-worshippers make the mistake of assuming that reason and moral sentiments develop in us much earlier than they do. The average child, until it reaches seven or eight years of age, is essentially unreasonable and unmoral. And for that reason all long-drawn-out punishments, such as confine-

ment in a room, the taking away of playthings, the cancelling of some expected pleasure, only arouse and cultivate in the young child feelings of resentment and bitterness. It cannot see clearly the relation between cause and effect. But I have yet to find the little one who clings less lovingly to his mother because she occasionally gives him a slap. On this subject, as on many others, we may take some hints from the lower animals. They discipline their children in one way only,—by more or less gentle cuffs. And the normal and healthy human child during its first few years is little more than a young "lower animal," plus enormous possibilities for development.—*The Outlook.*

[The Editor would be glad to receive letters or articles from readers of the *Cheerful Letter* on the subject treated in the article above. Much might be said on different sides of the question. Address these to Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.]

AFTER THE BATTLE.

(Continued from last number.)

I went into the provost marshal's room to ask my usual question, and, seeing a young man sitting by the window, said to him, "Is that the provost marshal?" He answered, "I don't know: I am a Confederate officer." He was one who had just come in and surrendered himself. I looked in his face: he was young and fair and with a pleasant expression. "Well," said I, "I don't see that you are so very different from us, after all." Still, there is this great difference: they fight for the South; we, for the nation. They fight for what they call independence: we fight for justice, humanity, and universal liberty. Our officers and soldiers understand more and more that the conflict is between liberty and slavery, between civilization and barbarism. What else supports them all, and gives them so much patience and fortitude? It is the most marked and glorious feature of the war,—this supreme peace of men who seem to have lost everything that makes life worth having. I saw a man, who had been blinded, who was as cheerful, and even merry, as a child. I saw men maimed and with broken constitutions, cruelly lacerated, cripples for life. Some asked: "What do the people say at home about it? Don't they think we've done a big thing?" One young man, who had lost a foot, said, "I'd rather have lost the other

than not have won the victory." When I opened the door of my nephew's room, I confess I trembled. I thought of that lost right arm,—such a loss to a youth in the beginning of life. It seemed almost too hard. But, when I saw him so cheerful and contented, and only wishing to recover that he might go back again to his place, with his sword in his left hand; when I saw them all so cheerful, and heard these young officers, shot through the back or shoulder or arms or both legs, talking about it as of some grand and glad experience through which they had safely come; when I saw them so modest and so manly, without any undue exultation, but with this earnest satisfaction in having done something really great,—I shared their spirit, and could not grieve any more for their losses. I saw that each lost limb, each scar, each wound, was the cross of the Legion of Honor, to be worn always, as a proof that they had deserved well of their country, as a proof to themselves that they had not lived in vain. These young men, who, had there been no war, would, many of them, have passed inglorious lives for common objects, have risen to a point of great self-devotion, and are ennobled in soul and heart forever, so that the old now look to the young for inspiration and consolation. We go to them for lessons of patience and courage. We catch their nobler fire, and are comforted in their comfort, partaking of their enthusiasm for the good cause. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

This war has had one grand effect. It has brought all the best men and women of every section into intimate contact, giving them full knowledge of each other and strong sympathy with each other. They fight side by side on the same battlefield; they lie side by side in the hospitals,—men of Minnesota and of Maine, of Illinois and Massachusetts. Women of New England are caring for the sick soldiers in hospitals on the Mississippi or teaching contrabands in Louisiana and South Carolina. This is what is to make the Union more solid and real than ever before. The war of the Revolution, in which men of all the States fought together, was the foundation of the present Union. It made the adoption of the Federal Constitution possible. The present war will make a better Union still. Never was New England so well known, and therefore so much loved and honored, as to-day. At Toledo and in Milwaukee I lately talked with eminent men who had never seen New England,—

Western governors and Congressmen,—and they spoke in terms of admiration of Massachusetts, stronger than I ever heard at home. In Baltimore I found Massachusetts men on the staff of the commanding general, Massachusetts men in other offices of importance, Massachusetts men in charge of hospitals, Massachusetts men in the Sanitary Commission. When I wanted information at headquarters or at the Medical Bureau or at military offices in Philadelphia or Baltimore or Gettysburg, there was Massachusetts to help me. Everywhere I met Massachusetts. Massachusetts was on its way to the sick and wounded, in the form of men and women going to nurse them, in the form of cars laden down with hospital supplies; and Massachusetts also came to the front in the form of three of her regiments, nine months' men, whose time had expired, but who volunteered to go to the army of the Potomac, and who went to Frederick in Maryland, and joined Meade there. These were the Eighth, the Fifty-first, the Forty-sixth, and a part of the Forty-third. Give to them all honor.

In the midnight train in which I left Baltimore on Tuesday night, July 7, there were forty or fifty men and women, members of the Christian Commission, on their way to nurse and tend the sick. I learn that they were very useful there. This Christian Commission is doing much good in this way. Of course, it cannot rival the Sanitary Commission in its arrangements for carrying supplies; for the Sanitary Commission has had two years' experience, has the full confidence and co-operation of government, has an admirably organized system of transportation, and has agents of the most thorough training for their work. Money or articles given to the Sanitary Commission go with unerring certainty just where they will do the most good. The Sanitary Commission also had the privilege of the railroad to Gettysburg for its cars. I rode up in one of its three cars loaded with supplies, one of them called an "Arctic car," being, in fact, a refrigerator on wheels, carrying ice and fruit and vegetables and fresh meats to the hospitals. Of the Sanitary Commission I can only say, the more I saw of it, the more I was astonished at its admirable and perfect adaptation to its objects. It was the first organization which had supplies at Gettysburg. It was on the field while the battle was going on. Its agents are sometimes taken prisoners while at their charitable work. It is flexible to every new need, adapts itself to every exigency, has its agents everywhere, and is

now felt by the Government and Medical Bureau to be an indispensable auxiliary in this great conflict. Help it to the utmost; help it regularly: there is nothing better to do.

Who does not see, more and more, how God is educating this nation by all these awful trials? First came disasters to purify and chasten us, and teach us that, if we would succeed, we must fight, not for our own cause merely, but also for that of justice and humanity; and now victories have come, but come in such a way as that we shall not be too much elated, but only encouraged to carry on the work aright. Then comes this rebellion at home, this outbreak in our own cities, to show us that the evil spirit is one and the same in South Carolina and in New York. We have to put down the evil spirit which hates its brother, which despises the black man, which seeks only its own selfish good, and tramples on all rights but its own. That evil spirit has to be rooted out of the land, North as well as South, before lasting peace can return.

It may be that God has worse punishment in store for us. It may be that there is to be civil war at home, or foreign war; but we see this clearly, that "the axe is laid at the root of the tree," that God is making clean work, that he has shut up against us every door of compromise or concession by which we might escape, that he has trained our young men to a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, that he has given us a noble army of martyrs to lead us up to a high devotion, that he sends chastisements one after another as we are able to bear them, that he inspires us with victory and tempers us with defeat, and that he is doing his work thoroughly to make the nation what it ought to be.—*James Freeman Clarke, in Monthly Journal of American Unitarian Association, September, 1863.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

DUCKS IN CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut is going to raise its own canvas-back ducks. Or, if not, State Ornithologist Herbert K. Job is going to know why not. These are not to be hand-fed, farm-trammelled ducks, raised in henneries or duckeries, but simon-pure wild ducks, wintering on the salt-sea waves off the Jersey coast, breeding in the wild state in the Connecticut marshes, and dodging number-four shot in the open season like any other wild canvas-backs. The Connecticut scientist, in com-

pany with Mr. Arthur Bent, the distinguished ornithologist of Taunton, Mass., has been at the work for two summers now, and a report of results and methods was recently made by Mr. Bent.

IN THE WILDS OF MANITOBA.

Nor do the two scientists stop at canvas-backs. Redheads, pintails, ruddy duck, teal, mallard, are all included in the comprehensive plan upon which they work, and, if the experiments of the last two summers are continued, as no doubt they will be, most of the varieties of wild duck which may be acclimated to the region will be tried out, for many varieties are to be obtained at the source of supply. The birds sought breed now only in the Far North, though some of them at least were once indigenous to New England, having been driven off long ago by constant molestation on their breeding-grounds. Conditions which once made it impossible for them to breed in Connecticut are now rapidly changing for the better. Many game laws, pretty well enforced, protect them. Regions where they may breed unmolested are more and more becoming parts of the large estates of wealthy men who have become interested in natural history as a science which leads directly to conservation of natural resources, and wish to see these valuable forms of wild life increase. So, if we can once get the birds fairly started, the day of the duck may be expected to dawn.

The work as described by Mr. Bent consists first of a thousand-mile journey into the wilds of Manitoba. There, amid the vast marshes on the borders of Lake Winnipegosis, Messrs. Bent, Job, and Hersey, the latter Mr. Bent's able assistant curator at the Academy of Sciences, found quarters with a Canadian family which occupies a little island of higher land amid the bogs. They got there at the beginning of the laying season, and their quest for some weeks was for ducks' nests, that they might obtain as many eggs as possible. The year before that had seen their first attempt to breed Canadian ducks by having the eggs sent to Connecticut by express from these Far Northern wilds, and there incubated. But this attempt failed. Fully ninety-five per cent. of these eggs were addled by their long shipment.

THE SEARCH FOR NESTS.

The new plan was different. The voyagers took with them incubators, brooders, hen-fence, in short, all the appliances for setting up a first-class hennery—or duckery—

in the heart of the duck-breeding country. The region was alive with marsh birds. Yellow-headed blackbirds swarmed among the reeds in countless thousands, their combined cries filling the air with a melodious drone. Swan grebes lifted long necks from the shallows, and surveyed the intruders with interest and amazement, but little alarm. Pied-billed and Holboell's grebes were numerous, and many kinds of ducks and teal abounded.

Yet the task of finding their nests was not an easy one. All about the little island of higher ground on which they dwelt the marshes extended for miles, the water in them varying from ankle to waist deep. They soon gave up tramping these, and did their nest hunting in a canoe. In places where the water was deepest, the reeds were thickest, and they sometimes could not force the canoe through, but had to get out into the water up to their waists and flounder about thus in search for the nests, which were often in the thickest reeds. Some, however, were in the more open spots, and the first nest found was that of a gadwall. The gadwall's nest in hollows in the ground, the eggs at first exposed, but little by little covered with down from the bird's breast until it forms a blanket over them during incubation.

A WONDERFUL BIRD.

The pintail duck, common in many parts of the West, was scarce in the region about Winnipegosis, but the blue-winged teal and bluebills were abundant in the swampy places. The redheads were common, too, but built their nests in the thickest jungle of reeds, where the water was deepest. The white-winged scoters nested in numbers on rather firmer ground and almost always under wild rose-bushes. The eggs of the white-winged scoter are a beautiful pink in color, and set in the gloom beneath the rose-bushes, also full of pink bloom, made always a beautiful and interesting sight. The ruddy ducks nested, as did the redheads, in thick reeds in deep water. These birds are among the smallest of the ducks, but, strange to say, their eggs are among the largest, it being really a problem how so small a bird can lay so large an egg.

An interesting feature of the excursions were the little low islands everywhere abounding and covered with the nests of various waterfowl. On some the ring-billed gulls and terns nested by thousands. Others were occupied by big, black, double-crested cormorants and the great white pelicans indigenous to the Far Northwest. A wonderful bird is the pelican, as the famous limerick

has it. He stands five feet tall, and has a spread of wings of seven or eight feet. The sight of a great flock of these enormous birds in flight above their nesting-places, their pure white contrasting with the black of the cormorants flitting among them with rapid wing-beats, was a beautiful one and most stirring to the heart of an ornithologist. Strangely enough, very many of the pelicans' nests held cormorants' eggs, and it would seem that it is the custom of the birds to lay in one another's nests.—*Winthrop Packard.*

JOAN OF ARC.

(Continued from the last number.)

From this culminating point of glory we must now descend into the dark valley of reverses, cruelty, and death.

She felt that her work was done when the king was crowned. From that moment the way was smooth for him. Cities and towns opened their gates to him everywhere.

The sagacity of her judgment was vindicated by the result, for all France seemed now ready to submit to the king.

But her own mind, though yet full of energy, became clouded. Though still displaying an heroic and almost superhuman courage, and still winning battles, she on the whole lost ground, both before the enemy and among her own party. Until this time all she undertook succeeded: now she sometimes failed. The first reverse was under the walls of Paris. At last, perhaps through treachery, she was left outside of the walls of Compiègne which she was defending, and was taken prisoner by the Burgundians. She had foreseen it, she had foretold it; but with this sad prospect in full view she did not lose her marvellous force of character. At the very moment of her great danger under the walls of the city the bells were rung to summon the soldiers to rescue their heroine. A last and useless homage! No one came to defend her. The governor of the place has the ignominious reputation of having commanded the gates to be shut. He was a man of evil habits, for which Jeanne had rebuked him. He afterwards came to a tragical end, his wife persuading his barber to strangle him.

And now what will be done with this young girl, thus taken prisoner?

Let those answer who talk of the "Ages of Faith," lament the degeneracy of the present times, and grieve that the age of chivalry has gone forever. In our century there was one who, like Jeanne, had led the armies of France against the English.

He was their deadliest foe, the invader of every state which his insatiate ambition could covet and his matchless genius could hope to overcome. After pouring a sea of blood over Europe, he was at last captured by the nation which had spent millions of money and thousands of lives in order to check his course. He was placed in a distant island, but surrounded with friends, books, comforts, luxuries. And yet it was thought by many too severe a punishment. But here was a young girl taken prisoner of war, whose only crime was to have defended with matchless heroism her country and her king. She was a woman in the age of chivalry, when nothing was talked of but the duty of protecting afflicted dames and damsels,—a virgin in the age when the worship of the Virgin had almost superseded that of God; and what did they do? Uniting savage cruelty with Pharisaic hypocrisy, they tried her for heresy and sorcery, endeavored to lead her, by falsehoods and deceptions, into self-accusation, and, when all these arts which bishops and noblemen practised against the poor peasant were foiled by her transparent truth and holy innocence, they dragged her to the stake and burned her alive, under a flimsy pretext which deceived, and could deceive, no one. How much has the world lost by the change from the Middle Ages?

We are obliged to hasten through this shameful history; yet we must not lose the heavenly traits which shine forth from Jeanne in her numerous examinations.

The English, greedy for her blood, tried to buy her of the Burgundians, and at last succeeded by the instrumentality of the Church. The Bishop of Beauvais and the Inquisitor-General demanded her of Jean de Ligny, who finally sold her to them for ten thousand francs. The wife of de Ligny threw herself at his feet, and begged him not to dishonor himself, but he had taken the money.

The mock trial began. After six months spent in different prisons, Jeanne was carried to Rouen and placed in an iron cage, with fetters on her limbs. Although to be tried by an ecclesiastical court for heresy and sorcery, she was kept in the English prison and guarded by rude soldiers, who scrupled not to offer her coarse insults. The trial was conducted by Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais,—a name, like that of Caiaphas, doomed to perpetual infamy as a cruel persecutor who sought, under the forms of justice, pretexts for satisfying the malice of vindictive foes by the murder of an innocent prisoner. The whole judicial process,

says Barante, was a succession of falsehoods, of traps laid for the unsuspecting victim,—constant violation of justice and the most established rights under a hypocritical appearance of following the customary rules. They sent into her prison a priest, who pretended to be her secret friend, and then they placed notaries behind the walls to take down what she might say to him. Even the notaries were ashamed of such a task, and refused to do it.

Called before an assembly of doctors and divines, mostly hostile, this poor girl evinced a courage as great as she had ever shown in battle. They allowed her no counsel; but her honesty and good sense were the best helps, and enabled her to escape the snares in which they sought to entrap her. Their threats and violence produced in her neither fear nor anger. The readiness and beauty of her answers often astonished the assembly. They asked her if she knew that she was "in the grace of God." "It is a great thing to answer such a question," said she. "Yes, Jeanne," interrupted one of the assessors, Jean Talri, "it is a great question, and you are not bound to answer it." "You had better be silent," cried the bishop to him. "If I am not," she replied, "may God make me so: if I am, may God keep me so. But if I were not in the grace of God," she added, "I should not have known what to do." The manuscript says, "They were much astonished, and for that time finished the examination."

They asked her another time about her standard. "I carried it instead of a lance," she answered, "so as not to kill any one. I have never killed any one." They asked her what virtue she supposed there was in it, wishing to accuse her of magic. "I said to it, 'Go boldly among the English,' and then I followed it myself." They asked her why she had it brought to the altar at Reims. "It had been where there was danger: it was right that it should be where there was honor." "What did the people mean by kissing your hands, feet, and garments?" "The poor people gladly came to me because I did them no wrong. I supported and helped them, as I had the power." Thus simple, unsuspecting truth was too much for cunning.

Sometimes she spoke with great sublimity. "My Voices, to-day, have told me to answer you very boldly"; and she followed their advice to the letter. She rebuked the bishop for the part he was taking in the trial, and warned him of the terrible responsibility he would encounter. "Bethink you what you

do, for truly I am sent of God. You put yourself in great danger. Yes, I am come from God. I have nothing to do here. Send me back to God from whom I came." They tried to make her say that the Voices had inspired her with unchristian feelings.

"Were the inhabitants of Domrémy Burgundians?"—"There was only one Burgundian in the village; and I could have wished that his head were cut off, provided it was the will of God."

"Did the Voices tell you to hate the Burgundians?"—"I did not love them so well after I found that the Voices were for the King of France."

"Did you have a great desire to injure the Burgundians?"—"I had a great desire and wish that the king should have his kingdom again."

"Do you think you did well in leaving your home without the consent of your father and mother?"—"They have forgiven me."

"Do you think, then, that you did not sin in acting so?"—"If God commanded me, ought I not to have done so? Though I had a hundred fathers and mothers, I would have left them if God had ordered it."—*Events and Epochs in Religious History.*

(To be Continued.)

COMING AGAIN.

A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.

Then said some of his disciples among themselves, What is this that he saith unto us, A little while, and ye shall not see me: and, again, a little while, and ye shall see me: and, because I go to the Father?

They said, therefore, What is this that he saith, A little while? We cannot tell what he saith.

Now Jesus knew that they were desirous to ask him, and said unto them, Do ye inquire among yourselves of that I said, A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again, a little while, and ye shall see me? Verily, verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. . . . I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.—*John xvi., xxi.*

Whatsoever we ask which is not for our good, he will keep it back from us. And surely in this there is no less of love than in the granting what we desire as we ought.—*H. E. Manning.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHANGED INITIALS.

Example: Change a fabric of fine thread to a contest in running. *Answer:* L—ace, R—ace.

1. Change an inflamed swelling to labor.
2. Change to name to a public building.
3. Change frozen fluid to an atom.
4. Change a mound to a little width.
5. Change to pierce with the teeth to a paper toy.
6. Change an article of furniture to a carnivorous animal.
7. Change to perforate by turning an auger to a synonym for blood.
8. Change the native form of a metal to anger.
9. Change a liquor prepared from the juice of grapes to a climbing or trailing plant.
10. Change a measure of cloth to indisposed.
11. Change to produce, as fruit, to intimately.
12. Change a box to a trap.

When the changes have been rightly made and the words written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a November holiday.

II.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. To strike.
3. A large stream.
4. A number.
5. A consonant.

III.

LITERARY CONTEST.

Fill the blank spaces with the titles of popular books:—

Around T— W— F— I— No. 3, R— R—, D— C—, T— B— O— W— R— and R— C—, were talking about T— P— C— and were planning a trip to T— P— G— the next year, during the discussion T— P— entered the room, and told them about his

trip T— S— E—, which interested them very much, and asked them to join him this year on a trip T— T— L—.

IV.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Seen a junta.
2. Bet the cheese, Warrior.
3. Ten turbans, French Goods.
4. Rue Law Howadji.
5. E. can sulk them, John.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

v.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

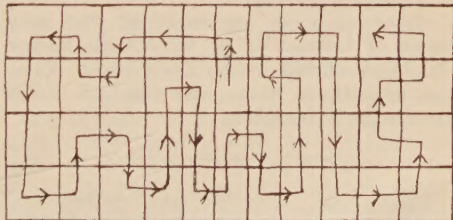
In webbing, but not in Stoic.
 In Oquassa, but not in legend.
 In bellflower, but not in cast.
 In caloriduct, but not in axis.
 In position, but not in spleget.
 In technique, but not in guardian.
 In tacker, but not in muslin.
 My *whole* spells the names of three governors of Massachusetts.

Answers to puzzles in the October Number.

I. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.—Daniel Webster.

II. ACROSTIC.—HAMPSHIRE
SALISBURY
PELOPIDAS
WELLESLEY
WISCONSIN
COASTWISE
ELIZABETH
CHAERONEA
CHAMPLAIN

III. LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.



Theodore Parker. James De Normandie.
James Martineau.

IV. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—
Lincoln, Madison.

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OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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